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The American Weekly
Boston Sunday Herald and American Sunday, July 4, 1914



IN MEMORY OF THE HEROES OF CHATEAU THIERRY
PAINTED IN OILS BY V. ADERENTE

1—The Soles of Our Feet Have the Thickest Skin 2—A New Baby Looks Like Both Sides of Its Family 3—The Shape of Our Toes Is Not Caused by Tight Shoes 4—The Fantastic Big Prehistoric Lizards Turned Into Birds 5—A Violinist's Son Can't Inherit His Father's Toughened Fingers 6—BUT a Wart-Hog Can and Does Inherit Tough Knees 7—Most Men Have Hair on Their Chests—

And Other Surprising New Discoveries of Science

How the Ancient Lizard Developed Into a Bird

1—The Ancestor of the Birds a Dinosaur Which Used Its Fore Limbs Like Oars, Flapping Them Through the Air to Help It in Its Progress, and Which Used Its Tail as a Rudder to Aid It in Its Peculiar Form of Locomotion. The Forelimbs, Fossilized, Became Wider by the Addition of Scales, as Did the Tail, and the Wider These Scales Grew the Longer the Animal Was Enabled to Remain in the Air.

—From a Fossil Reconstruction in Lull's "Organic Evolution."

By Dr. W. H. Ballou.

THERE was once a little boy who said: "My feet are very useful; I put them on the ground. Then all I do is steer them. And they take me all around." This interesting point of view as interpreted by Gallert Surgeon is common more or less to all of us. We take our bodies with their complexities and their scores of highly specialized mechanisms for granted, seldom seeking to go beyond the reasons. But if the little boy, still considering the usefulness of his feet, should have been impelled to ask: "Where did I get 'em?" science would have inquired to him a wealth of curious facts, among them that it had not been for a series of interesting ancestors his feet might still be useless flappers, useful only in propelling him around in mud or water. And if that were the case he would be a little boy at all but a little mud puppy.

The science of yesterday could have told him that, but the science of today, after sifting carefully over the bones, both inside and out, has just listed 2,500 "traits" which we can inherit from our ancestors from below the lizard up through the ape form to the cave man and beyond. And in doing so it has thrown absolutely new light upon the origin of all kinds of familiar things we carry about with us.

Some of these are catalogued by Dr. Herbert E. Walter, of the Chair of Biology from University, in his new book, "Organic Evolution."

It is commonly supposed that the skin on the soles of our feet is thicker than the skin elsewhere, because we walk upon them, or, as the little boy would say, "steer them to take us around." But this is not so. The thickness of the soles is due to the fact that the amphibian form called the mud puppy, one of the forms of man in his ascent to what he is today, had thickened soles. Our feet changed in shape during the ages, but never gave up the thickened skin. We can add to make it thicker by rubbing—but even so, it never walked it would still be thicker than the other parts. These few square inches of thickened sole are the link between the crawling amphibian of world youth and the most fairylike, graceful dancer of to-day; a proof of their kinship.

It takes ages to fix a trait so that it becomes inheritable. We enter life within this composite mechanism we call the body. What we inherit are its parts. We cannot inherit what our father or mother did with any of its parts. That is why the son of a violinist cannot inherit the callousities on his left hand produced by pressing down the strings. On the other hand, observes Dr. Walter, the characteristic callousities on the knees of the crawling anophthalmos, which are also acquired through use or exercise.

The explanation, as he points out, is that these animals kneel as they rest for a living in the African forests, and have done so for untold generations." Naturally, the wart-hog who had hardest callousities could kneel longer, root harder and get more food. Those who hadn't would get less food, be weaker and not be able to cope with the stronger for mates. The tendency would be to develop the callousities, and in time they would be transmissible—just as the elephant's trunk was developed from the long upper lip of the primitive form and became inheritable. But it would take ages of violinists to transmit the characteristic callousities to a child. Nature, in inheritance, works in

terms of thousands of years and not of minutes. This is fortunate, continues Dr. Walter, for if it were not so the sons of warriors would inherit their fathers' scars and we would be a race of cripples.

"The progressive degeneration or crippling of the little toe in man has long been explained as the inheritance of the cramping effect of shoes upon generations of shoe wearers," he says. "But this is not so; we must look elsewhere for the cause. As Wiederstein has pointed out, the fact that Egyptian mummies show the same crippling of the little toe is unfavorable to his hypothesis, for an ancient Egyptian could never be accused of wearing shoes or of having had shoe wearing ancestors.

"The feet of Chinese women of certain classes have for centuries been mutilated into deformity by bandaging, without the mutilation in any way becoming an inherited character. Sheep and horses with docked tails, as well as dogs with trimmed ears, never produce young having the partial deformity. Weismann's classic experiments with mice, an experiment subsequently confirmed by others, is additional negative evidence upon this same point. What Weismann did was to breed mice whose tails had been cut off short at birth. He continued this decadalization through twenty-two generations with absolutely no effect upon the tail length of the new born mice. One may see in the photographs of the Zoological Institute at Jena, being here, long rows of labelled bottles as a document, long rows of labelled bottles



A Dinosaur Which Developed Arms and Hands. Almost Similar to Man's—but Who Could Not Grow Brains Enough to Know How to Use Them and, Therefore, Lost a Possible Chance of Becoming the Ruler of the World.

des containing the fifteen hundred and ninety-two martyrs to science which made up the twenty-two generations. Conklin has hit the nail on the head with respect to mutilations by saying: "Wooden legs are not inherited, but wooden heads are."

Walter does not mention the common foot corn, but it has recently been established by long study of domestic animals and humans that there are not acquired from tight shoes, but are inherited. Rheumatism, but do not cause the callousity that comes from pressure on any other part of the body and the foot corns are entirely different things. The true corn is a parasite of unusual order. In its incipient and growth it parallels the fungus known as the genus fomes, which forms in a tree and every year grows a new year on top. The process continues as long as the tree lives, which is to say until the fungus has so extended its mycelium

as it invariably does among animals, disappear first on the under side of the body and the limbs, and be retained longest on the back and shoulders." It would seem to the writer that this is entirely sound, and can be explained further by the exigencies of the time. The male would use the skin for protection. He would need to have his arms and hands free for offense and defense. He would naturally wear the skin thrown over his back.

A suggested reason for the difference in this respect between man and woman of today—that is the almost uniformly smooth breast of the latter—is that the female, protected by a male, would not need her hands and arms for the using or carrying of arms. Woman was at first more completely clothed than

and that the first must always adapt both their fore and hind limbs and tail to the support of the membrane, whereas in a feathered animal only the feather supporting elements need become affected by flying specialization. The hind limbs of birds are no similar in structure to those of certain dinosaurs that the inference must be made that birds came up from two-legged, long-tailed running reptiles which, during their progress, coated along the air by flapping their free front limbs. These free front limbs or arms would, of course, be more effective if their breadth could in some way be increased to give greater bearing surface—in just the same way that, all things being equal, an airplane can go through the air better with bigger planes than smaller ones. An increase in the size of the scales along the arm margin would be a ready means to this end. The fossils show such an increase actually took place.

Similar scales might develop along the margins of the tail—and did. These scales would in time extend, lighten and lighten the physical activities of these forms, making them into hot blooded animals instead of cold, and this is sufficient reason for the dominance of birds over all other aerial rivals, such as the bat, the flying squirrel, etc., and for their survival after the extinction of their dinosaurian kindred.

As time went on the scales, as shown on figure one in the drawings at the top of this page, would increase largely; at the same time, as they increased the animal would be more in the air than on the ground and, therefore, its hind legs would begin to grow smaller and more slender. The time would come at last when they would become largely adapted for hopping off the ground to give the creature the impetus to allow it to fly and

Just as we would expect under such conditions we have a fossil record of an intermediate form in the tetraplex. This was a four-winged, decidedly prehistoric bird. By the reconstruction, No. 2, it will be seen that in it the forelimbs of No. 1 have become profoundly modified, but still retain the claws on the ends. The hind limbs have also become modified and the tail is entirely feathered. In No. 3 we have the modern bird, in which the claws are less. The old dinosaur ancestor are reduced to the clutching, jumping ones so familiar to us in all birds of today, and in which the forelimbs, by reason of their arms and hands, are still reminiscent to the scaled members of the lizard form from which they sprang.

In a way of speaking, the birds developed wings and feathers because they had brains enough to use the scales which they acquired during a certain period of development. And here is a very curious little lesson of what happens when things do not develop as we expect. The tetraplex, No. 2, was a four-winged, decidedly prehistoric bird. By the reconstruction, No. 2, it will be seen that in it the forelimbs of No. 1 have become profoundly modified, but still retain the claws on the ends. The hind limbs have also become modified and the tail is entirely feathered. In No. 3 we have the modern bird, in which the claws are less. The old dinosaur ancestor are reduced to the clutching, jumping ones so familiar to us in all birds of today, and in which the forelimbs, by reason of their arms and hands, are still reminiscent to the scaled members of the lizard form from which they sprang.

One of the most interesting reconstructions is not only the theory of how the prehistoric lizards turned into birds, but an actual picture of their first ancestor. It has been done by Professor Lull. He quotes the famous Hungarian paleontologist, Francis Baron Nopce, Nopce does not believe that bats and the ancient monster flying lizards, the pterodactyls on the one side and feathered birds on the other, arose in the same way. He points out that the former by means of membranes and the latter by means of feathers.

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—The Modern Bird, All Traces of Its Wings, While Its Legs Have Remained Strongly Structured to Allow It to Hop, to Walk, to Run, to Climb, to Dig, and to Thrust Itself into the Air for Flight.

2—The Tetraplex, the Missing Link Between Dinosaur and the Birds. The Scales Have Turned Into Feathers on the Forelimbs, Which Have Become Flatter and Also Feathered, and the Bones and Muscles of the Hind Legs Have Divided in Size Through Disuse, While Their Scales Have Become Feathered Planes.

3—The Thickened Sole of Our Feet and Their Toes Are Descended Directly from the Crawling Amphibians, Two of Whose Footprints Are Shown Here Preserved on a Slab of Sandstone.

The Bones and Muscles Which Enable the Most Fairy-like Dancer to Display Her Art Came Down Directly from the Crawling Mud Puppy of Millions of Years Ago, Whose Fossil Skeleton is Shown Here Beside the Dancer.

A corn goes through the same process, extending its fine threads or roots, however, only to the bottom of the toe. It has an affinity of its own, as we saw in an insect, elephant inherits corns from its ancient ancestors, the pterodactyls and the maertherium, in the germ plan of the animal cell.

When the proud families of a new mother and father gather around the baby and each one discovers to its secret delight that the baby looks just like John and looks just like Annie—how can that be?

The answer is that it really does. It also looks just like John's and Annie's parents and grandparents and great-grandparents. It is really a composite and the eye of hopeful imagination picks out the points of resemblance it wants to—and is perfectly right in seeing them there. It is only later on that it begins definitely to look like one side of the family or another—or in parts like both. From the composite the dominant character or stamp strongly

man—although with civilization she has departed from the ancient habit. The necessity of carrying, young at breast would also demand further protection for the front of the body—a necessity to which the male was stranger.

Going further back than the time we have just discussed, Lull makes another curious observation about the hair. This is the reason for its direction. That upon the arms, for instance, runs from shoulder to elbow and from the wrist upward and outward in such a way that, were the hands clasped above the head, the elbows pointing downward, a posture often assumed by the orang, the hair thus arranged sheds the falling rain.

"The loss of hair in man," says Matthews, "is accompanied by an exceptional and progressive delicacy of skin quite unmeted to travel in tropical forests. I do not know of any thin-haired or hairless tropical animal whose skin is not more or less thickened for protection against chafing, the attacks of insects, etc. Second, the loss of hair is most complete on the back and abdomen. The arms and the legs, and in the male, the chest, retain hair much more persistently."

"This is just what would naturally happen if the loss of hair were due to the wearing of clothes, at first and for a long time, a skin thrown over the shoulders and tied around the waist. If the loss of hair were conditioned by climate it should, as the days go by, submerging the weaker lines."

Dr. Richard Swann Lull, professor of vertebrate paleontology at Yale University, has some new and interesting theories on how we got what we have in his newest work, "Organic Evolution." Why do most men have hairy chests, but not hairy backs? Professor Lull hazards the explanation that this is not only due to the acquisition of artificial clothing, but to the way clothes were first worn—to primitive fashion, in fact. He cites Matthews for evidence of this belief. Of course, humanly back in its ape-like state was wholly hairy—as hirsute as is the gorilla or the chimpanzee to-day.

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Now Col. Hayward Won His "Big Objective"



PHOTO BY
INTERLUX/REYNOLDS

When Colonel Hayward Was Officially Recognized as a Great Hero—Receiving His Croix de Guerre After the Battle of Belleau Wood

WHEN Colonel "Bill" Hayward, the picturesque and indomitable soldier who led the black fifteenth Regiment of the New York National Guard to undying fame and honor, married, comparatively a few days ago, Mrs. Sarah Plant, a gracious and extremely wealthy widow, he ended a campaign in which he had shown all the dash and fire that had secured for him other decorations in Europe. War does teach its lessons, and it is that Colonel "Bill" was always just that way and it needed the war to bring him out? At any rate the successful soldier has been notable for ages as a swiftness, Cupid and Mars go hand in hand and the qualities which apparently are needed to overthrow strongholds and armies are just the ones to make a woman's heart capitulate. Woman is, after all, what they call in warfare, "the big objective."

Colonel "Bill" was his big objective in matrimony just as he won it in battle. Not only that, but he had two very active and successful sub-officers, sub-plot and working for him—his own son and the son of the present Mrs. Hayward, for Colonel Hayward has been married once, and Mrs. Plant has acquired and lost two husbands.

Colonel Hayward's qualities in battle won him from his admiring colored troops the title of "The Hell Man." One of the black tigers was first to predict the match. It was when they came to the regiment in camp, chickens, ice cream and hot sauce watermelons in wholesale quantities. "Some rich lady do love our Colonel," said a top sergeant. They had been sent by Mrs. Plant right after her first meeting with the Colonel upon his return.

When Colonel Hayward came back he bore a wound across his right arm and a lance leg acquired in Belleau Wood. Also he wore on his breast the Croix de Guerre and other medals.

In addition, now he wears the heart of the lady of his love, widow of Commodore Morton F. Plant, who made her a wedding gift of \$50,000, and when he died bequeathed to her a life income of \$10,000,000 more.

Diffident he never was, and thickly about his smiling as the formal front he

The Dashing Romance of the Hero Leader of New York's "Black Tigers," Who Wooed with All the Speed and Fire That Won Him War Fame and Brought to His Breast, Beside His Medals, the Heart of Commodore Plant's Multi-Millionaire Widow

broke was with barbed wire on tangles. First there was Mrs. Sarah May Cadwell Plant's enormous wealth as against that of a lawyer, and one whose fortune had been diminished by the fact of his long absence at the war front. Second, there was her very recent widowhood. Mr. Plant, the multi-millionaire, died in November. It is contrary to precedent and the etiquette of mourning to marry before a year of sorrowing has passed. It was an objective not easily to be taken. But Colonel "Bill," chief of the black tigers, took it, and with what an admiring onlooker said was zero-hour quickness. Perhaps he feared rival attacks.

Colonel "Bill" returned from the war zone on February 12. On June 21 he wedded the lovely widow.

He arrived. He captured.

The Colonel's record was his first aid in the matrimonial dash. Every woman loves a hero. From across seas had come the news that the Colonel of what the foe called the "bloodthirsty black tigers" had

deduced a French commander who ordered him to retire. "I don't understand you," the American Colonel had answered. "Come back!" shouted the French commander. "My men don't come back!" shouted "Bill" Hayward. "They will go through hell, but they won't come back." And he led them forward. He had been cited and decorated. He had won the Croix de Guerre.

Lives there a woman, no matter how feminine, whose heart does not beat faster at such a story of fearlessness? Mrs. Plant heard the story. She read the newspaper accounts of the feats of the fighting lawyer. She read what one of his sergeants said:

"The other colonels stood back and commanded their men. He led his. At Belleau Wood we met the most awful attack. A counter attack to ours. I myself saw the Colonel tear the eagles off his insignia. I picked up a gun that had been dropped by a dying soldier and ran out ahead of his men. He didn't watch us go over the top. He led."

Remembering these incidents, she read with interest the story of his return. Four thousand years troops returned and with them was their commander, Colonel William Hayward. They call it the Three Hundred and Sixty-sixth Infantry now, but the crowds cheered it as "the old fifteenth."

Of course the Colonel who wouldn't go back received plaintiffs. From her room in the Plaza she watched him march past, albeit with a limp, up Fifth avenue. She saw the crowds throw up their hats. She heard the shouted praise for "Colonel Bill." And he looked toward a high window of the Plaza instead of straight ahead, he heard a voice and a face flitting toward him. It was the figure from Commodore Plant's widow to the man who knew no fear.

He was an immensely popular man. He knew every stratum of New York society. In all these strata he had friends. There was the gubernatorial set. Governor Whitman had appointed him his counsel. There was the Public Service Commission. He had been appointed a Commissioner. There was New York's most exclusive set. He had dined at its tables, paid compliments to its fair ones. The Blatant knew him, for he was a generous first-nighter at plays. Beautiful actresses sent him cards to their days at home and invitations to joust parties at their country places. All the nation knew him. It had been but a few years before that Nebraska, the state of corn and hogs, had called him her "handsomest man." He had made him the youngest of her county judges and had nearly elected him Governor.

His fame spread across all of America and all of Europe. For wherever war news had reached there was known the fighting colonel of the "black tigers."

Whenever he set out for a walk or started for a drive, wherever he dined or made a speech, cheers greeted him. Truth to tell, he grew a little tired of it. For, like most brave men and great, he was modest. Let's turn in here for a cup of tea," said a woman relative one day as they skirted the fountain at the Plaza.

It would be pleasant to have a quiet moment somewhere," he admitted.

As they crossed the foyer the elevator door clanged back. Out of the lift stepped a woman, tall, fair haired, with the gentlest face and the softest smile he had ever seen was one. Where he had seen that combination of dignity and gentleness, that reserve of a woman who knew her world and the frank smile of a girl? She enlightened him. As the relative began her introductions the woman of gracious presence said:

"We have met before. May I greet the hero as an acquaintance of other days?" The Colonel bowed low. "It was at New London," she prompted, smiling. "Ten years ago," she went on. "I attended the Yale races there," he agreed. "We met aboard a yacht."

"But, Mrs. Plant?"

"I was Mrs. Selden Manwaring then," she said simply.

"I remember," he said. "Won't you join us at tea and renew acquaintance?"

She dismissed her waiting chauffeur and at one of the little round tables they chatted of the races, of the war, of her small son, whom she remembered.

"Philip is seventeen now," she said. "He has a boy a year older," he said. "His name is Leland," she said. "Philip is at St. Paul School," she said. "Leland is at Pomfret."

"Philip wants to enter upon a diplomatic career."

"He still thinks he will follow Dad into a law office."

"They talked of war. She urged him to tell her holding the trenches for ninety-one days and of going over the top at Belleau Wood. She said little. She is one of those rare women who are of few words, but her silence was eloquent. She said him the subtle compliment of listening with unvarying attention. When the tea and the chat were over she said:

"I have apartments here. I shall be glad if you will call."

"Let me see. This is February. I am in three months' leave. I shall call in November, Mr. M., said Colonel "Bill" to him self. It is an exclamation that may mean much or little.

"She isn't going out, of course. I think she meant her invitation to call." He fell easily into the habit of calling at the tea hour. Her gentleness appealed deeply to him. Long confused peace, perhaps the vicious woman has the supreme charm of the war-weary soldier with the slight limp the charm of the self-satisfied woman whose face was adorned by sunken hair, was immeasurable.

In Easter Week he found Philip, a tall, deep-voiced youth of seventeen, beside his mother. With Leland to-morrow, if I may," he said.

Instantly the ladies became friends. One of them now says that while the week was still at its beginning they pledged each other that they would help along the match they saw was impending.

"We'll have such fun when we're brothers," he said.

Both kept their word. When they returned to school each wrote his respective parent expressing his views about the suitability of the match.

The Colonel had the aid of two invincible young lieutenants.

One evening Colonel Hayward, sitting beside Commodore Plant's widow, and looking down at the white swans in the lake, hinted that it might be well to plan their campaign.

"But it is too soon. I have only been a widow seven months."

"You must have wished you to be happy. He married you when he had been a widower ten months." It was a hazardous dash, but he remembered that women like daring.

It must be admitted that the first service was a unsuccessful.

There was no surrender. A panic-stricken fight, they say, but he considered surrender.

There's a proverb, therefore from us concerning the wisdom of running away.

That another day one may stand and fight.

It was unprecedented to marry so early in one's widowhood.

The Commodore had been very kind, very generous. Of course, she had been thirty-one when she married him and he had been sixtiety. He had been a father.

"The women in there are only three years," the Colonel reminded.

Colonel Bill called it a woman's longing for happiness. What woman is less than forty but hopes for further happiness? When she had been a youthful school teacher at Waterbury, she had met the school committee man, who was a hotel proprietor. They married, but the marriage had not long been a happy one. She had divorced the hotelkeeper. He keeps the restaurants in the hotel Central Station. She had married him just because it is the usual thing to marry. The second time she had married him because the growing kindness of a man of great power in her world, a railroad and steamship magnate, had swept her imagination and her gratitude. The third



PHOTO BY MISHKIN & STUDIO, N.Y.

Mrs. "Colonel Bill"—Formerly Mrs. Plant—the Very Attractive and Very Rich Widow Who Was So Speedily Won by the Famous Soldier's Dashing Wooing

Should there be a third time? Perhaps she should live for her son, Philip, to guide his future.

Colonel Hayward believed this was a time for a chance. He recalled the warning of the French officer, "Come back," he had said. But he had not come back. "We will die," he had shouted back. "But we will live."

What was to be done but to make love, gently, bravely, determinedly? He answered with the skill that he had used at the war. He was judicious as when he sat upon the bench in Nebraska. But, more than lawyer or judge, he was the brilliant officer commanding all his forces of silence.

On June 21 a limousine sped rapidly from the Plaza to the Marston Building. Colonel Hayward, of the old fifteenth, and the widow of Commodore Plant announced their intention to marry. They secured their license, and the automobile whirled back to the Plaza. There half a dozen relatives and a few friends awaited them.

Philip Morgan Plant, who had dropped his father's name and taken his first step, others, gave his mother away to a second stepfather. Leland Hayward attended his father. Major and Mrs. Eugene Hayward the bridegroom's uncle and aunt, and Mrs. Martha Lewis, his sister, kissed the bride. A Protestant clergyman performed the ceremony. Roman Catholic priest whose charities the bride had assisted munificently was a witness.

One of the group carried the gallant Colonel that he had married the descendant of an old commander, General Benjamin Butler. "So she may outmarry you." And she is the daughter of State Senator Cadwell. "She may outmarry you." But the terms were amply satisfactory to both of the contracting parties. They left that afternoon for the Plant Summer home at Bar Harbor.

"The Colonel of the negro fighters had won. He had taken his biggest objective."

The Disadvantage of Being Perfectly Healthy

Why Influenza and Pneumonia Swept Into Their Graves Vigorous Young People Who Never Had Been Sick Before--While Many Old, Feeble and Sickly Patients Recovered



Miss Josephine Howard, Young, Husky, Never Ill a Day in Her Life, a Perfect Specimen of Physical Vigor, Caught Influenza, Developed Double Pneumonia and Died in Two Days. She Had the Disadvantage of Never Having Had a Severe Illness to Develop the Disease Resisting White Corpuscles of the Blood--She Was Caught Unprepared and Succumbed.

By Arthur C. Jacobson, M. D., Associate Editor of the Medical Times.

SCIENTISTS are still very much in the dark about the recent world-wide epidemic of influenza--but some surprising things developed which have attracted wide attention. And perhaps the one most curious discovery was the fact that robust, vigorously healthy victims of the "flu" often went quickly to their graves, while feeble patients took the disease lightly and survived.

The influenza epidemic has taught us an unquestionable truth, that which a medical writer calls "the disadvantage of being healthy."

Here are some very curious facts: In a large London hospital for disease of the throat and lungs the patients in the beds occupied by influenza almost unceasingly while the big, husky nurses were severely stricken and many died.

In our American Army camps the boys who were in the pink of physical condition were attacked with special violence and the death rate was very high, yet only 4 per cent of the tuberculosis patients were attacked in a district where we have statistics.

Here we have the strange anomaly that men with perfect lungs could not stand the attack of the pneumonia bacilli, while those whose lungs were scarred, damaged and perished with tuberculosis, some either failed to develop pneumonia at all or had it very mildly.

And this is not the first time medical science has been confronted with this strange phenomenon that perfect health is sometimes a disadvantage. In typhoid epidemics it has been noted that the big, strong, healthy individuals fall the readiest victims to the fatal disease.

The explanation of this is that he who has been most diseased is the most resistant to disease, there is survival even though his experiences have left many evidences of damage, inasmuch as he has acquired various kinds of immunity which his "healthy" contemporaries lack.

It is to be healthy is to be resistant to infectious disease we have a paradox imposed by the vigorous individual who possesses but little resistance to the menace

of disease, and the individual who by virtue of the very fact that he has suffered greatly from disease has acquired exceptional resistance.

The defensive mechanism of the body may be described roughly as leukocytes, by which the blood drafts additional "police" in the shape of white blood corpuscles, phagocytes, by which destruction of invading bacteria is effected through white corpuscles especially developed to cope with the enemy; bacteriolytic, by which dissolution of germs is brought about by substances possessing ferment-like qualities, these substances being elaborated by the body cells in response to the special challenge of the invader; and the elaboration of anti-toxins, by which the poisonous products of bacterial growth are neutralized.

Now, while it is a fact that the immunity developed against particular disease is specific for that disease, it is wholly reasonable to suppose that one who has successfully resisted many diseases must possess experienced and seasoned tissues and battalions of educated corpuscles, as they have been called, which would not act altogether stupidly even in the presence of an unfamiliar foe and it is quite conceivable that when an extraordinary variety of these specially trained veterans of the blood stream some sort of a combination defense would be put up by these forces.

How else can we explain some of the remarkable facts which have been observed in connection with the recent epidemic of influenza?

It was observed in Cape Town, South Africa, that influenza patients with a previous history of chronic external conditions of the lungs bore the disease better than people who had never suffered from respiratory ailments of chronic character. In certain English tuberculosis hospitals the influenza were left alone, while the healthy attendants, medical and otherwise, were stricken down.

Dr. B. H. Armstrong, writing in a recent issue of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, emphasizes the fact that influenza attacks with special violence and causes a high mortality among those in the prime of life. In the last physical examination, and more than fifty previous diseases, he believes that those whom we

directly regard as more or less unhealthily are in some way protected against influenza infection.

Medical observers in Framingham, Mass., have reported that during the recent epidemic of influenza about 16 per cent of the entire population were attacked, while only 4 per cent of those suffering from tuberculosis contracted influenza. Moreover, most of these subjects of tuberculosis had this disease in an arrested form and were going about and working, and therefore were so much exposed to infection as the remaining part of the population. Indeed, only 2 per cent of the arrested cases were attacked by influenza.

Recent Chicago statistics confirm the Framingham experience, and the fatality rate among the previously healthy was all out of proportion to that among the previously sickly.

Negroes are much more frequently afflicted by tuberculosis than are whites, and it is therefore not surprising that in Washington and St. Louis influenza prevailed to a far less extent among it negroes than among the whites.

American army medical officers have frequently said that in the camps the Northern boys lived while the Southern boys died, and that the city boys lived while the country boys died. The explanation would seem to lie in the fact that the one was more frequently tubercularized than the other.

This greater susceptibility of the healthy is true for all types of acute infection. Thus in typhoid epidemics it has been observed that the big, strong, healthy individual falls the readiest victim to fatal disease.

We may say that a kind of vaccination against acute respiratory disease results from chronic respiratory disease, and Dr. Armstrong, who is a practical physician, will not be taken in by this fact, as he is a firm believer in artificial immunity.

It is now in order to amplify and extend our argument as to the advantage of being "unhealthy." Certain aspects of our present knowledge permit us to elaborate somewhat upon this theme.

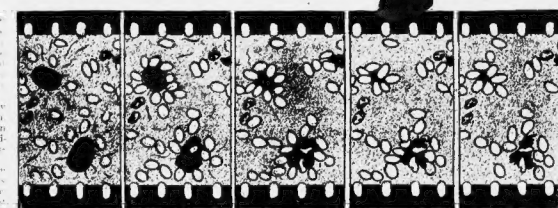
Bruceman declares that as long as one has asthma he is immune to tuberculosis, and S. West is of the opinion that the subjects of tuberculosis very rarely suffer from asthma, and that if an asthmatic patient does contract tuberculosis, an event which is by no means common, the asthma usually disappears.

F. A. Hoffman says that when asthma and tuberculosis combine, each gives up a part of its peculiarities. The asthma gives up its chronic, irritative, spasmodic character, the attacks becoming weak and indistinct; the tuberculosis gives up its progressive character, assuming a chronic and fibroid type.

Hoffman also considers a lung which is the seat of emphysema to be distinctly

Col. H. M. House, President Wilson's Personal Counsel, Who Is of Advanced Years and Delicate Health and Yet He Has Had Influenza with Pneumonia Involvement Twice and Rapidly Recovered. His Previous Attacks, Although Apparently Weakening His General Health, Have Served as a Protection Against a Fatal Attack.

Jim Stewart, the Well-Known Boxer and Athlete--This Man in the Pink of Perfect Physical Condition Was Stricken by the Same Germs Which Attacked Col. House. Col. House Fought Them Off Twice; Young Stewart Died at the First Attack.



Motion Picture Film Showing the Phagocytes, the White Corpuscles of the Blood, Surrounding and Attacking an Invading Disease Microbe and Finally Breaking Up and Devouring the Hostile Germ.

unfavorable soil for the development of tuberculosis. Emphysema is a disease characterized by abnormal distention of the lungs with air. Fishberg states that when an emphysematous patient does contract tuberculosis the latter disease, as a rule, pursues an exceedingly mild course and is very difficult to diagnose. Emphysema has been frequently encountered in patients with healed tuberculosis, and has been noted in the unaffected lung or parts of the lung in patients with active tuberculosis, just as though Nature were endeavoring, through this means, to stay the progress of the tuberculosis.

Emphysema is thought to protect against tuberculosis in three ways. The wasting of the tissues induced by it is unfavorable for the growth of the bacilli; the inspiratory current is slow and inadequate, and

does not bring bacilli deeply into the lung, and the congestion which is present in most of these cases prevents the development of tuberculosis because of the presence of many white blood corpuscles (phagocytes).

Enlargement of the heart associated with valvular disease protects against the development of tuberculosis. As long ago as 1844 Rokitansky asserted that diseases of the heart and blood vessels producing congestion of the lungs prevented tuberculosis. Page and Traube established that a form of valvular disease known as mitral stenosis is almost a complete bar to tuberculosis. Autopsies upon thousands of cases in which valvular disease existed during life reveal but few instances of lesions due to tuberculosis, and both clinically and post-mortem it is but rarely

encountered in the subjects of tuberculosis. This is not to say that they do not have murmurs, but the murmurs are due to causes other than valvular disease, the mechanism of which is well understood. Mitral stenosis causes a mechanical impediment to the pulmonary circulation, thus creating congestion or plethora of the blood vessels in the lungs, which permits of phagocytosis.

Emphysema is a sanguine condition of the skin, frequently fatal, which appears somewhat like a carbuncle at first but then spreads rapidly. It is primarily an infectious disease of cattle and sheep, but is occasionally transmitted to man through the handling of wool, the use of infected shaving brushes, etc. The course of this disease is restrained by an associated infection with the pus-forming bacteria.

Attacks of erysipelas have been observed to influence very favorably the course of lupus (tuberculosis of the skin) and also that of sarcoma, which may be regarded as a variety of cancer of very malignant type. Dr. William B. Coley has turned this fact to practical account by using the toxin of the erysipelas germ in the treatment of sarcoma, with notable results.

The healthy seem more liable to the occurrence of the skin disease known as psoriasis, than the unhealthy. This is a chronic inflammatory disease of the skin characterized by thick, adherent scales, of a lustrous whitish color, situated upon a reddish, a slightly elevated and sharply defined base.

There can be no doubt that a high blood pressure is advantageous in certain circumstances. Thus it may, at times represent an effort on the part of the organism to meet circulatory requirements in vital organs. High blood pressure is very generally regarded today as a conservative phenomenon not to be lightly interfered with. Where a high blood pressure is really needed one would regret to see a patient remain an obstinately healthy as to present a normal reading of the pressure scale.

There are circumstances in which physicians have actually induced pathological conditions in order to combat certain diseases. Thus Forlandi injected nitrogen gas into the pleural cavity in cases of tuberculosis in order to obliterate, by pressure, cavities in the diseased lungs and force evacuation of their contents. This procedure has been carried out with a fair amount of success by many others, notably the late Dr. Murphy of Chicago.

In the course of the contagious disease known as the lids, known as trachoma (granular lids), a complication known as pannus sometimes occurs which results in the formation of a kind of membrane over the upper part of the eyeball, with marked interference with vision. This has been combated with at times by setting up a violent inflammation by means of an irritating drug called iodoquin. Cure is occasionally attained by this heroic measure.

The same result has been achieved by insertion of the lids with pus taken from a case of mild purulent ophthalmia (inflammation of the eye).

Pechier, a French physician, introduced a method of treating cancer of the breast by causing what he called a fixation abscess, a kind of abscess of the breast, which the patient has to bear before rupture. Cases of desperate cancer have been treated in this manner, and the explanation appears to be that which has given rise to the infectious organisms in the blood migrate toward the artificial lesion and become fixated in the abscess. That such migration toward the fixation actually takes place has been proved by Cullen and Duggan.

The classical example, of course, of inducing one disease in order to offset another is the use of smallpox in the case of the bubonic plague. In this case we induce a general disease, cowpox, in order to defeat smallpox.

We have noted the growing influence of now disease may be utilized to combat disease in order to show that it may be possible to imitate on a wide scale the methods of Nature herself, that most successful of all physicians, who seem whimsically to live, with humor or without, a life that in order to be really healthy you must be unhealthy.

Why Arthur Hammerstein Keeps on Getting Married

ARTHUR HAMMERSTEIN, the son of the famous theatre builder and grand opera impresario, has married for the third time at forty-six. He justifies his own successive weddings and makes a plea for more romance in marriage in the interview which follows.

By Arthur Hammerstein
(In an interview)

YES, I have married the third time. In the same breath I say that I won't promise that this will be my last marriage.

I hope this one will last, but I don't know. No marriage should outlaw love. Who knows how long love will last? Nobody. Life is filled with the unexpected. It is what happens that determines our course—not what we might want to happen.

I say become Nat Goodwin's successor. Who knows? Certainly I don't.

There are proverbs which we often hear and never doubt. One of them is, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Why should that be true of everything else in life except matrimony?

It strikes me there is a lot of unnecessary fuss made about marriage. I do a number of things of importance—secure a valuable play, make a production that is sure of a year on Broadway and several years later on the road—but people who know me say little about it. They take that as a matter of course. But I marry again and my private office is buried in telegrams. The day after the announcement of my marriage I received five hundred wires. When it was announced that I was going to be married I had a lot of applications from newspapers to do the job. Why? I tell you there's too much fuss made about a contract between two persons who are going to try to live together.

That man Herron had it right. He made a row publicly to take Miss Carrie Rand to be his companion. She made the same row to him. It was publicly done. I understand they lived in complete harmony until her death, and that he sincerely mourns her.

Less fuss, longer marriages, I say. All the turmoil, the telegrams, the congratulations on what is an ordinary function of life make both parties to the contract restless.

They think they are sentenced. All this fuss sounds to them like the turning of a key in the door of a cell.

They feel that they are in jail for life. And yet, think it over reasonably, and why should they be? A man who takes a lease on an apartment doesn't think he must live all the rest of his life in that apartment. If he gets a derby hat he may think it is a fine derby. It really may be a fine one. But he doesn't fancy that he must wear that hat until he reaches his deathbed.

Don't think that this doctrine is wicked. It is quite the contrary. Honest successives marriages, even though the marriages follow each other in rapid succession, are better than a nominal marriage and a hidden romance around the corner.

Somebody said, "There is a secret orchard in every man's life, in which he plucks forbidden fruit." I'm opposed to that secret orchard. The reason may surprise you. When there is such a secret romance the woman doesn't respect the man. And if he isn't blinded by ecstasies he knows that he cuts a pretty small figure in her eyes. That's one reason why the sub-rosa attachment is never really happy.

Poetical dreamers say that frequent marriages are a man's pursuit of the ideal. Richard La Gallienne wrote "The Quest of the Golden Girl." But I, who speak from the standpoint of practical experience, deny that. In a physical sense, at least, it isn't true. My first wife was a woman of regular features, beautiful auburn hair, large, blue eyes, and a rounded, symmetrical figure. My second was tall—an inch taller than I—and this—this—that you would cut yourself if you struck her elbow. She was dark. My new bride is a petite blonde.

I don't believe that a man has more or less in mind any type of woman, and that if he marries any other he makes a mistake and is sure to revert to his ideal. What I do believe, with all my heart and soul, is that every man wants a good fellow.

There are too many wives and not enough good fellows. That's what the matter with marriage. A wife is a turkey. A good fellow is a comrade.

The Former Miss Claire Nagle, Now Mrs. Hammerstein No. 3.



The Pioneer Mrs. Hammerstein.

I began marrying when I was twenty-one. That's altogether too early.

A boy's marriage is nearly always a calamity. Read the divorce statistics.

To particularise: The first Mrs. Hammerstein and I went to the same public school. It was in Hartford. Ours was a boy and a girl affair.

But it was a mistake from the beginning. A mistake before it began. I had been about the theatre all my life. I was embarking on a theatrical manager's career. A man in that business should never marry a woman who is not of it. She isn't. She doesn't understand it. She becomes jealous and suspicious even when there is no cause. She knows that the life of a man in the business of the theatre has many temptations. He knows that he is an idol to some women because he can do a great deal for them. He is like all men—more or less vain and vulnerable. This life—the home type—realizes; realizes so keenly that even when the man is innocent she makes his life a hell of doubt and discord.

My first marriage followed this unhappy pattern. My wife left me. I arranged that she should get a divorce. The interlocutory decree was granted, although at the time she secured it there was no other woman in my life. A few days before the final decree was granted she came back to me. She said she didn't want a divorce. For the sake of our little girl, Elaine. I agreed that we should begin life again. But it was a failure. When there had been such a complete break there can be no beginning again. The cement of love loses its grip. My first wife reopened the divorce proceedings and this time the bonds were severed.

Among my acquaintances was John A. Hoagland. I met his wife, who had been a concert singer. We three went about a good deal together. He used to telephone me and say, "I'm going to be busy this evening. Won't you take Grace out somewhere? All right. Thanks."

They came to the parlor of the ways and I married Grace Wain Hoagland. That was a real love match. It was not boyish

love. After a man is thirty he doesn't believe in re-called love at first sight. He knows there is no such thing. What a boy mistakes for that is something entirely different.

My second wife and I were congenial. We were also devoted—at least, I was. She knew the life of the stage and was interested in it. She was broadminded. There was nothing petty in her. We would have been together still but for my mother-in-law. My wife proved that she cared more for her mother than she did for me. That ended our marriage.

Her mother was an invalid. Mrs. Hammerstein II said that while her mother lived she would spend most of her time with her in Hartford. I told her that as her husband I ought to come first. She said, "No. While she lives, my mother

will visit to the bedside of the sturdy

Arthur Hammerstein Who Has Taken Himself a Third Wife.



Why Should "Try, Try Again" Apply to Everything but Matrimony. Asks the Famous Impresario's Son, Explaining How a Wife "May Be Turned from a Jailer Into a Conrade"

Little patient at the hospital helped me over one obstacle that was in my way. That was my daughter Elaine. Elaine is twenty-two. The girl I married is twenty-three. I thought Elaine mightn't like it. She and I were great chums. She has never wanted me to be as much interested in anyone else as in her. But—well, we are married.

It wasn't a sudden match for Broadway. Broadway life speeds up romance. It is like crossing on a transatlantic steamer. You get better acquainted on shipboard in five days than you do in ordinary conditions of living in a year. So in Broadway two weeks are as two years.

I saw Miss Natalie every day at rehearsal. After the play opened I saw her at dinner and at supper after the play. For five months we saw each other nearly every day.

Three marriages have taught me that every man needs romance. If he doesn't have it at home he goes seeking it elsewhere. But he can have it at home if his wife is a good fellow.

Mrs. Hammerstein No. 2.

shall come first."

She took her mother to a sanatorium and remained with her. I persuaded Mrs. Hammerstein to come down to New York and talk it over with me, but she held her position. Her mother is still living. I permitted Mrs. Hammerstein to divorce me. I was hit hard by it. I thought I would never get over it. It took me a year. I said I would never marry again. I meant it then.

Then Claire Nagle, a pretty Irish-American girl, came along. I met her in January when I was making up the company for "Tumble In." The Selwyns are interested in the production. Arch Selwyn told me he knew a girl who could play the part of Claire.

I said, "All right. Send her around."

She got to rehearsals and set to work. No, I wasn't especially struck with her at the beginning. It was watching her work that led me to be interested in her.

Everett likes a girl who is full of life. He may be a perfect gentleman, something try but that is because he has never known of the other kind. I noticed that Claire Nagle was never tired. She was always ready to work, never ready to go home, as the saying goes.

I got to know that she was always in good mood. She was of the sunny, smiling type. While we were on tour and she played at six and eleven and was as fresh and as bright as at noon.

My wife had been proof against that. It became ill and was taken to a hotel. I called upon her there. She was in sunny, still smiling, still in spirit on "Tumble In." I admired her gameness, and I liked her with the girl that one who is as fresh as the others who are ill. The post office have it right sometimes. The one to say, "Try to be kind to love," knew who was talking about. He had called on a scene in an hospital who already held her for him.

My three marriages have taught me that every man needs romance. If he doesn't have it at home he goes seeking it elsewhere. But he can have it at home if his wife is a good fellow.

I have learned that suspicion is the grave of love. "Where have you been?" is the question that opens the tollgate on the road of divorce.

Never ask a man where he has been. He doesn't know. If he has been phoning, he can't get his hand back by that question. If a woman concentrated on making herself attractive, a household magnet, she would never need to ask it.

One reason for the shortness of marriage is that there is too much familiarity. A couple know each other too well. If there were on the part of each a feeling that certain boundaries must not be passed there would be a magnetism for each other. A feeling you and then that the person across the table is not your dated but a stranger in the house would solidify the marriage state.

Women have little ideas about alluring the male. They resort to primitive means. They think that undress is provocative. As a matter of fact, a woman never looks so well as when she is dressed. A neatly and not attractive. A bare foot is ugly.

I have heard that a man may be down but he's never out matrimonially. Perhaps it is true that any man can get some woman to marry him. But that chap that married the other day at seventy I think is a crack. Let me say that I am forty-six. I would not have it understood that I am opposed to marriage. I am not one of those advanced thinkers who believe that we can dispense with marriage. Men need it. So do women. Nor do I think that the so-called advanced thinkers say—men and women who are married should live their separate lives in separate houses and see each other occasionally. That is not practicable, if only because man is a lonely body. He wants to go home to something human. He can't talk to his housekeeper. His dog isn't charity. His parrot is monosyllabic. He wants human reaction.

Marriage is distinctly all right. But we should be better informed as to how we can make it work. I think localized first marriage would promote matrimony.

I believe that divorce should be made easier instead of harder. Then both husband and wife would be better mates. They would be on their good behavior. And no jail is a jail when the door is open to the touch. Then it becomes a home.

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Was Bishop Potter's Remains Cremated?

The Late Bishop Potter



The Mystery of the Strange Midnight Journey of the Famous Churchman's Corpse to a New Jersey Crematory and of the Great Marble Sarcophagus Which Holds Only a Handful of Ashes

What the Bible Teaches About Treatment of the Dead.

And he charged them: Bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite.—Genesis XLIX:29.

They shall lie down alike in the dust, and the worms shall cover them.—Job XLV:20.

The worms shall feed sweetly on him; he shall be no more remembered; and wickedness shall be broken as a tree.—Job XXIV:20.

The dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead.—Isaiah XLVI:19.

Jar of Human Ashes After Cremation and Ready for Shipment.

THE Right Reverend Henry Codrington Potter, bishop of the diocese of New York and one of the most distinguished leaders of the Protestant Episcopal Church, died in July, 1908. And now, eleven years after his death and burial, the fact leaks out that the remains of this famous churchman were removed from the crypt of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, where they had been laid with great pomp and ceremony, carried under cover of night across the Hudson River to New Jersey and secretly cremated.

More surprising even than the cremation itself and the heavy veil of secrecy which was so carefully thrown around it, is the fact that the case, within a few days of the bishop's death, but after his body had lain in its tomb nearly eight years. It was, according to the surprising revelations made a few days ago, not until 1916 that the bishop's remains were stealthily removed from the cathedral tomb to New Jersey crematory and reduced to ashes.

Why was Bishop Potter cremated when no other bishop of his church has ever been?

Why was his cremation delayed for nearly eight years after his death?

Why was it done with such great secrecy that until the other day no more than a score of persons knew of the strange midnight trip which his remains had made?

And why did it suddenly become necessary to divulge the secret that had been so jealously guarded for more than three years?

All these are questions which cannot yet be satisfactorily answered and which may always remain mysteries.

The news of Bishop Potter's secret cremation came as a distinct shock to everybody who knew him personally or by reputation. The many who had visited the chapel erected in his honor at New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine were amazed to learn that its magnificent marble tomb held, instead of the bishop's moldering form, only a handful of ashes—all that was left of the body after being subjected to the fiery heat of the crematory furnace.

The Protestant Episcopal Church has never taken a definite stand against cremation, but despite this fact Bishop Potter is the first bishop of this faith to be cremated. To all members of the Roman Catholic faith, however, and doubtless to many of Bishop Potter's own church, cremation is just short of sacrilege—a practice not to be countenanced by any good Christian. According to their belief internment of the body as death left it is the only reverent way of disposing of the dead.

Bishop Potter died on July 21, 1908, at Cooperstown, N. Y., where he had long maintained an extensive country estate. His body was prepared for burial in the usual way and after simple services at Cooperstown was taken to New York and placed in the receiving vault of Trinity cemetery to await an imposing public funeral in the fall.

As is now recalled there was, so far as the public knew, no suggestion of cremation made in connection with the elaborate preparations for his burial. This was considered strange at the time by leading advocates of cremation, for they had long believed that Bishop Potter favored the practice. Several years before he had been quoted as saying:

"I have long been in hearty sympathy with the effort to promote the practice of cremation, which the growth of population and the growth of cities of the dead in the neighborhood of large communities, makes in my judgment a necessary precaution of great value; and I heartily agree with the Bishop of Manchester in his view of the utter irrelevancy of any so-called Christian objections to it."

In October, 1908, the Bishop's

body made what was, as it now turns out, only one of a series of journeys in and about New York. It was carried from Trinity cemetery down to Grace Church, and after the public funeral there was carried to the crypt of the cathedral.

The beginning of this wonderful piece of architecture, which may not be fully completed for more than a century, was the proudest achievement of Bishop Potter's career. It was therefore doubly fitting that he should be laid to rest beneath the altar of the crypt, at that time the only part of the cathedral finished.

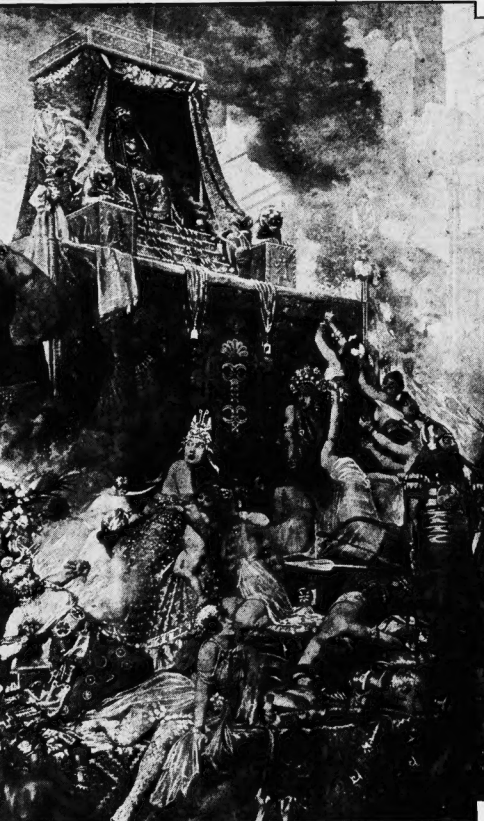
Accordingly, at great trouble and expense, a tomb of honor was chiseled out of the solid rock underneath the communion rail and directly below the splendid Tiffany mosaic altar. Into this the casket containing the bishop's body was laid.

The burial was private, only two or three of the cathedral clergy and members of the immediate family being present. This fact was recalled when the secret of the bishop's cremation was divulged the other day. Many thought the bishop had doubtless been cremated within a few years after his death and that his burial was set out in order to conceal the fact that the massive casket contained only an urn of ashes.

Such, however, was not the case. It is definitely known that the body of the dead bishop did rest in the holy spot to which it was lowered with solemn religious ceremony from October, 1908, until April, 1916.

Soon after this first burial the bishop's family began plans for a monumental chapel, to be a part of the great cathedral structure. This was completed at a cost of \$200,000 and consecrated in October, 1914. Its central feature is a splendid marble tomb surmounted by a heroic bronze recumbent statue of the dead Bishop.

A Family Meeting in Heaven—From a Medieval Print.



The Death of the Pagan Potentate Sardanapalus.
This Impressive Painting Shows the Great Pagan Ceremony of Cremation. In This Case King Sardanapalus Ordered His Living Wives, Concubines and Children Assembled and Burned Alive with Him.

"The Morning of the Resurrection"
It Has Been Argued by Churchmen That This Great Scene Could Not Have Been Enacted if the Savior's Body Had Been Cremated.

No move was made to transfer the remains from the crypt to this new and more imposing resting place until 1916. Early in that year the bishop's children petitioned the proper authorities for permission to remove the body from the crypt and have it cremated. Every precaution was taken to keep all knowledge of this petition from the public.

The late Dean Grosvenor was the only one of the cathedral officials to be acquainted with the family's plans. He agreed to them and helped not only to carry them out, but to keep them a secret.

Shortly after midnight on the last day of April, 1916, an automobile hearse rolled into the cathedral grounds and drew up at the entrance to the crypt. The undertaker, with two assistants, who came with the hearse, were met at the crypt door by Dean Grosvenor and Mason H. Partridge, the sexton of Grace Church and a trusted friend of Bishop Potter and his family.

By the light of electric torches the men groped their way into the shadowy chapel. The heavy marble slab covering the tomb had been removed earlier in the day under protest of making some trivial repairs in the interior. It was therefore an easy matter to remove the casket and place it in the hearse.

Through the deserted streets at an hour when the last of the theatre crowds had gone home and the first of the milkmen had not yet appeared the hearse was driven to the ferryboat which carried it to New Jersey. Soon after dawn the cremation was completed, but the ashes were held at the crematory until they could be returned to the cathedral under cover of darkness and with the same secrecy that was observed on the previous night.

On May 2, 1916, the bishop's ashes were placed in the new tomb. But nobody outside of the bishop's family, Dean Grosvenor, the sexton, the undertakers and the crematory superintendent had any idea that it was only cremated ashes which were transferred to this new resting place and not the remains originally buried in the crypt.

Both the size and shape of the sarcophagus indicate that it was

intended to hold the casket containing the body instead of the mere handful of ashes. It would seem from this that the decision to cremate the remains was not reached until after the completion of the tomb.

The interior of the tomb, according to an official of the cathedral, is filled up with marble, in which an elliptical groove about three feet long has been carved. The ashes of Bishop Potter lie in this depression.

But the truth about what was done with the dead bishop in the Spring of 1916, and about the character of the remains that now repose beneath his bronze effigy, only deepens the mystery. The family and the few others who might clear it up steadfastly refuse to explain why cremation was delayed for eight years after the bishop died, and why it was finally carried out with such apparent effort to keep it a secret forever.

"As everybody knows," said Mrs. Charles Holland Russell, a daughter of the late bishop, "my father was always in favor of cremation, but he never expressed any wish about it for himself. The members of his family decided to have his remains cremated because we thought it right and proper. That is all there is to it."

The remarkable mystery surrounding this secret cremation of the distinguished bishop renews interest in the whole subject of what is the best disposition to make of the bodies of our dead. On sanitary and economic grounds the advocates of cremation have quite the best of the argument, but on the religious and sentimental side of the question they meet with the strongest kind of opposition.

Pope Leo XIII once instructed that every effort be made to inspire the faithful with the greatest horror for what he termed "the detestable abuse of burning dead bodies." The Archbishop of Montreal and other great dignitaries of the church have since joined with him in declaring cremation formally prohibited for all children of the church.

The church's view is that cremation is a revival of a pagan custom which is plainly out of keeping with the teachings of the Bible and with the time-honored rites of Christian burial.

Hindoo Cremation of the Dead of Calcutta, India.



How Swindlers Flooded the World of Art with Fake Rodin Statues

The French Public Prosecutor Gathers Evidence That Needy Artists with the Help of Impecunious Noblemen and Art Dealers Have Marketed Countless Bogus "Burghers of Calais," "Thinkers" and "Eves"

"Eve," a Famous Rodin Statue Which is Said to Have Been Widely Counterfeited, and a Fake Copy of Which is Now Held by the French Public Prosecutor.

HUNDREDS of our luxurious Americans possess one or more copies of works by Rodin, the most original sculptor of modern times. Their owners are often haughtily proud of their treasures. In most cases they paid a handsome price for them. In some cases they know their pieces resemble originals by the master which they have seen through copies in museums or through illustrations. No doubt as to the genuineness of their treasures has hitherto troubled them.

But now a terrible suspicion has been thrown upon all those cherished masterpieces. How many of them are forgeries that never passed under the hand of Rodin or received the slightest authorization to be sold as his works? How many are creations of other men entirely?

Friends of the recently deceased sculptor assert that "fake Rodin" factories have been working at full capacity in France, and that thousands of spurious works have been distributed in many countries and sold at high prices. Some are merely replicas of his works made without his authorization, others have no shred of his composition in them.

Poor but industrious Parisian artists, overwhelmed by the calamities of war, have been making these asserted masterpieces by the hundreds, and statue dealers have been unloading them not only in Europe but in North and South America, China, Japan and other parts of the world where there is an interest in this eagerly original artist. In handsome alleys, surrounded by rich hangings and all the accessories which add so much to an art object's attractiveness, they still tempt the wealthy.

The French Government, through M. Clemenceau, has ordered a judicial inquiry into the alleged frauds. Scores of persons of high position in the social and intellectual world have been called for examination, and many arrests have been made.

Two classes of Rodin frauds are generally specified. The first were men who retained his models and executed unauthorized copies of them. These frauds it is stated, have been going on for many years. The second class of forgeries consists in making unauthorized copies of works in the public museums, perhaps under the countenance of the director.

Mlle. Judith Cladel, a mistress of notes and pupil of Rodin, ferreted the judicial inquiry after considerable delays. The charming Marquis de Rouleau, formerly friend of the great sculptor, had urged that steps should be taken to stop falsification of his works, but she, unhappily, died before any action was taken.

Mathematically, the French public prosecutor has been called upon by Judge Bouché to answer questions concerning the distribution of fake Rodins. The last years have been one of the most popular comedians of Paris, the higher class. Implicated with her was M. Gallimard, manager of the Theatre des Varietes, where she acted. He is a man of wealth and owner of the theatre building.

A correspondent who visited her apart-

ment reports that it contained a remarkable number of attractive works of art, among which were genuine Rodins, or at least, what appeared to him as such.

Upon the masterpiece stood the bust of a beautiful woman, one of the few works of that type attributed to the sculptor, an example of his earlier manner and rather more suitable for the drawingroom than most of his later masterpieces. On a table stood a copy of the Rodin's very well known work, "Fate Overpowered by Youth."

The walls were covered with a remarkable collection of paintings signed by the most noted French artists of the nineteenth century—Manet, Degas, Pissarro, Renoir, Biskay, Corot, and so on. In addition there was a masterpiece by another famous sculptor, the "Child with a Shell," by Carpeaux.

The statement was given out that she was accused of having doubtfully sold works by the sculptor in her possession, and of having transferred several others to her friends. M. Gallimard, who was Dr. Montfaucon, associated with Mlle. Dieterle in the alleged distribution of fake Rodins, is also well known as a connoisseur and patron of art. He was an intimate friend of Rodin and commissioned him to create his representation of Bas-relief's poem, "Flowers of sin."

After a lengthy investigation Mlle. Dieterle was dismissed as having committed no offense in her transactions in Rodin's works. Still later M. Gallimard, was dismissed for similar reasons. This left ten accused persons, including artists, bronze founders and art dealers. Chief among them was Philippe Montagu, a sculptor and bronze founder, Count Bouyon de Chalais an art collector, and M. Mabel, a sculptor. Their trial for counterfeiting Rodin's works is now proceeding.

An interesting story is told concerning Count Bouyon de Chalais' dealings in bogus Rodin masterpieces. This nobleman married the widow of Rodin's physician, Dr. Montfaucon, and through her assistance, it is asserted, obtained a number of genuine examples of the master's art. With the aid of an unscrupulous, needy sculptor he then copied, with the addition of some inscription such as "To my dear doctor,"

This inscription gave them a specially personal touch which added greatly to their value. Count Bouyon de Chalais' magnificent mansion is said to be stocked with spurious Rodins, which he had been selling at extravagant prices.

The majority of the forged Rodins appear to be bronzes, as that form of reproduction lends itself most easily to profitable distribution. Judge Bonin ordered the seizure of a great number of supposed bronzes by Rodin in the foundry of a great Paris bronze founder, M. Montastrell.

Among these works were "The Young Girl in Chemise," "The Two Mountebanks," "The Titan," "The Brother and Sister," "Head of Balzac," "The Athlete," "The Burghers of Calais," a bust representing France, "A Lion," "Victor Hugo," "The Last Kiss," "Group for the Gate of Hell," "The Earth" and "Despair and Sorrow." The judge summoned M. Montastrell before him and questioned him. He stated that five only of the models came directly from Rodin's hands—"The Last Kiss," "The Gate of Hell," "The Earth" and "Despair and Sorrow." The others came from various sources.

"Brother and Sister," a noted authentic work in marble by Rodin, is mentioned as a work that has been freely falsified in bronze. "Eve," a very powerful work by the master, another authentic work, has been treated in a similar manner. An entirely false "Eve" has also been circulated.

A rather grotesque work called "Little Girl in Her Chemise" belongs to the class of forgeries, from start to finish. This is stated to have no place among the authentic works of Rodin and there is no justification at all for placing his name on it.

The single heads taken from Rodin's "The Burghers of Calais" are apparently the works that have been most widely falsified in bronze. These forgeries in lustrous bronzes adorn countless mantelpieces and side-tables in cultured communities throughout France. N. Y. to Spoon River, Ill. In most cases Rodin never sanctioned the deplacation of his figures which produced such vulgar ornaments for mantelpieces.

The matter of the false Rodins is complicated by many circumstances. In the first place Rodin, like other sculptors, scarcely put a hand to the finished creation of his mind. The sculptor usually works in clay or plaster and turns the model over to the cutter, who is a highly skilled workman and sometimes an artist, to be copied. When a work is to be cast in bronze a wax model is supplied to the foundry.

When one of his works was completed in marble Rodin used to go over it with great care. On any part requiring alteration he made elaborate marks with a pencil, according to a system, which was thoroughly understood by his workers. In the case of a bronze, if it did not meet his requirements, there was nothing to do but make another casting.

It has been found that Rodin was extremely careless about the disposition of his models, leaving some or them in the hands of the workers entirely and others so long that there was abundant opportunity to make unauthorized copies. The great sculptor was more concerned about the stand and art in France than about protecting his property rights.

It appears certain that any work which never received Rodin's express authorization and personal supervision is a forgery, if sold as a Rodin, even though copied carefully from one of his models. The defenders of the accused persons are making a strong point of the fact that there is a tangible difference between a genuine Rodin and some of the alleged forgeries, but they cunningly leave out of consideration the intentional fraud.

The case is further complicated by the conditions under which Rodin bequeathed his property. He left all his works, in his possession and the copyright, to the French nation, to be kept together as "Rodin Museum" in the ancient Hotel Biron, in Paris, where he lived. One object of this project was to facilitate the copying of his works for public purposes.

The Government is supposed to take care that any new copies made of the artist's work should bear a definite, easily recognized indication of their nature, so that they may not be sold as originals executed in the lifetime and under the personal supervision of the author.

A peculiar case is that of the work called "The Appeal to Arms," which was begun by Rodin after the outbreak of the war for public purposes, as it was intended to help inspire the soldiers of the Allies to fight for their great cause. Rodin died before the completion even of the original model, and the French Government has ordered the work finished by other artists. Many replicas of it will

Mlle. Anelie Dieterle, the Popular Parisian Actress, in One of Her Noted Artistic Successes, "The Wedding Night."

to copy a work in a public gallery it shall be smaller than the original, so that the public may not be deceived into believing it is an original.

Danton boldly asserts that he had received verbal permission from the public curator to order all the Rodins from Mabel. He says that a falsified "Eve" was made for him, with the understanding that it was to be sanctioned by the Government.

Investigation proved that Danton had in his possession two works by Rodin, "The Woman With a Comb" and "The Fall of Icarus," in which the State claims exclusive property. Danton said that he had bought them with full rights of retention from Mabel, who stated that they were given to him by Rodin twenty years ago.

The Temps, of Paris, states that the principal author of the counterfeit Rodins is Charles Emile Jonchery, the son of a sculptor who was a well known specialist in the restoration of statuary and did much work in the great public museums of Paris, together with the models in plaster on which they were modeled, were discovered under a heap of rubbish in a garden rented by Jonchery in the Rue de Vanves. It is, of course, significant that Jonchery, the art dealer, lived on the same street.

It is stated that the public prosecutor has an eye on not less than six studios in the suburbs of Paris which furnished up to the present time, a large number of counterfeit fake Rodins in bronze and marble to the art dealer.

Mlle. Cladel, who brought the case before the court, declared that fake Rodins were being issued in "editions" like popular books. The amount of money already obtained by the French dealers for unauthorized or forged fake Rodins is estimated at not less than \$1,000,000. This is the sum received by France. What it grows to after the bogus little art treasures have been passed from hand to hand as rare "bargains" and have finally found a home in some remote place like America, can only be imagined.

There is matter of fact French officials who think that if all this money is to be made, the State should make it, because it is so largely and honestly made. The money will then do more widespread good than it went into the pockets of art dealers.

But then would the Government stand on much higher plane than the counterfeiters?

A score of legal questions are involved. The culpability of the various persons involved in this investigation, even when proved will be of a very different order. There are, for instance, art dealers charged with knowingly offering fake Rodins and there are some artists who had old models, or the master about the house and simply made replicas of them to keep their families from starving.

One thing certain is that the bogus Rodins, be they cheap or not, are a real menace to the art dealer. The public has been led by fake Rodins in the field of pictorial art.

The Delightful Apartment of Mlle. Anelie Dieterle, One of the Most Popular Comedienne of Paris, Who Was Summoned to Court on Suspicion of Circulating Fake Rodins, But Dismissed as Innocent. In the Room Are Shown Many Alleged Rodins and Other Works by Noted Masters of Painting and Sculpture.

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What Happened After the Gay

How the Death of Pretty Billie Carleton Has Led to Revelations of London Have Startled All England and Up the Plague



A very popular photograph of Billie Carleton.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued from Last Sunday)
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WHAT was the mystery of the poisoning of pretty young Billie Carleton after her happy night at the gay Victory Ball last November in Albert Hall, London?

The coroner's investigation, started without delay, soon began to uncover many very strange things, as already revealed in these pages, which on previous Sundays have told of the efforts of the English authorities to find out what caused the death of the pretty and moulder-scar of the Haymarket Theatre. Continuing the record of the testimony from last Sunday brings the reader to the gossamer maid of Reggie de Veulle, Mrs. Mary Hicks, or "McGinty," as they all called her. The investigation then proceeded thus:

CORONER: What is your occupation?

MRS. MARY HICKS: Maid-servant for the last eighteen months or so to Mr. and Mrs. de Veulle at a flat in Dover street.

Q. Did Miss Carleton ever call at the flat?

A. Yes, a lot of times. I took a lot of money from Miss Carleton to Mr. de Veulle.

Q. What was it for?

A. It might be for her dresses, as he made all her dresses.

Q. Did you ever send wires off for de Veulle which you signed "McGinty" and which were addressed to Belcher?

A. Yes. Mr. de Veulle told me I should get some "use" for him. That was the usual short word we used for cocaine. I knew he was taking it. De Veulle wrote two letters, one to Billie Carleton and one to Belcher. He sealed them and told me to take one to the Haymarket to Miss Carleton and to give the other to Belcher at the Cafe Royal at 9:30. He told me I would get \$25 from Miss Carleton, and to give it to Mr. Belcher with the letter. Mr. Belcher would give me the cocaine. I went to the stage door, sent the note up and Betty, Miss Carleton's maid, came back with \$25.

I asked if I was to come back, and Betty said "No." I often went for money to the Haymarket, but never to get cocaine. I handed Mr. Belcher the letter and the \$25, and he handed me a small silver box. Mr. de Veulle arrived home about 10:45, and I gave him the box, and he said, "McGinty, it's very little for \$25." He had told me that when I got the cocaine, if Miss Carleton wanted

some I was to go back, but was not to let her take more than half. At Belcher's flat I found Belcher and Miss Richardson breakfasting in bed. I was handed a square package with \$25, and either a big "B" or "C" on it. I took it back and emptied the silver box, because Mr. de Veulle was too nervous, and put what was in the package into the silver box to see if it was more, and it was.

Q. Have you ever snuffed cocaine?

A. No, sir. Mr. de Veulle told me to send a "phone message through to Miss Carleton to tell her to call at Hockley's that night for a message. The maid answered, I went to the ball as a spectator. Miss Carleton was at the de Veulle's to supper on the Saturday before the ball, and they seemed quite happy. They were always on the best of terms. Mr. and Mrs. de Veulle said that they just spoke to Miss Carleton on the night of the ball and that she had shown de Veulle a bouquet she had had made to match her dress.

I had some conversation with de Veulle about the death of Miss Carleton on the Friday morning, and he said, "Oh, McGinty, I know the truth now, and I am awfully upset about it." As far as I know de Veulle attended the opening of the inquest. On his return he told me about Mr. Belcher mentioning Mrs. Adams. He laughed about it, and said he (Belcher) had found a good name for it. I said, "What a funny name. Where did he get it from?" Mr. de Veulle said, "There are detectives following me, and if any one stops you, will you take them, please." To Mr. Chatterton's office at 213 Strand." He told me I was to say nothing, and not to say that I ever got any.

Q. Did you ever get cocaine from any other place?

A. Yes; from Chinatown, about three times. De Veulle sent me for it. It was \$10 a packet, from Limehouse Canewary. It was a mistake. I was taken up to where they used to smoke. De Veulle also sent me to a Mr. Touse, at Torrington Square, in the beginning of August.

Q. Was Touse an Englishman?

A. No, he was a Scotchman.

Q. He charged you a good deal, I suppose?

A. Proper robbery it was. I gave Mr. Touse \$25 and he gave me a square packet with not very much in it. It was cocaine; I looked at it when I got home. Miss Carleton came in a few minutes afterward. De Veulle was

there. He had none of it. He handed it to her, and she put it in her little bag. I believe Miss Carleton gave me \$12 toward the money at her flat at Longacre that morning, and that Miss Carleton had given the other \$10 to de Veulle the night before.

Q. Did he give it to you?

A. Yes, he did, because Mr. Touse would not have given me the stuff otherwise.

Q. Did Miss Carleton take it?

A. Yes, and said afterward it was a dead robbery. The amount was small.

Q. What are you doing running about and getting this deadly drug for people?

A. I was employed, and had to do what I was told. De Veulle gave me sealed letters, and I had to go when he told me.

CORONER: Oh, no, you hadn't.

A. I had no idea it was so deadly before.

Q. You know what he wanted it for?

A. Yes, I did not know it was illegal, and I did not know I was doing any harm in going for it. I didn't know what drugs were until I went there. I never took any.

Q. Have you seen the opium parties?

A. I have seen the opium, the pipe and the lamp cooker to smoke with. Miss Carleton came in to leave opium and a pipe with me and some China tea and a teapot.

Q. How old are you?

A. Twenty-eight.

Q. Were you surprised to go to Chinatown and Limehouse to buy cocaine?

A. I had no idea it was such a place until I went. I went three times. I never saw such a dirty place. Water up to your knees and then you go upstairs into old black rooms.

Q. Were you frightened?

A. I was frightened of getting something on my clothes to carry home; that is all.

Q. You must be very simple, Mrs. Hicks!

A. I was simple to be caught in a trap like this. I'm not so simple now. Once bitten, twice shy.

Q. This for the present ended the testimony of "McGinty," the servant of de Veulle. Very important facts were established from her evidence showing that de Veulle was procuring cocaine for the dead actress.

Miss Malvina Longfellow, well known as an actress and artist model both in New York and London, was then called to the witness stand. She wore a brown hat trimmed in front with a bunch of deep brown feathers and a coat with a deep brown fur collar.

THE CORONER: How long have you known Miss Carleton?

MISS LONGFELLOW: I have known Miss Carleton slightly for two years and very well since last January.

Q. Did you know that she took drugs?

A. I did not know it until August last, when I was told that she took cocaine.

Q. Did you ever speak to her about it?

A. I spoke to her about it several times. I spoke of the danger of taking drugs. I tried to dissuade her. She used to say it was very difficult to give it up, but that she would try her best, and that she thought she could give it up when she wanted to.

Q. Do you know where she got it?

A. She told me that Mr. de Veulle got it for her.

Q. Did you ever speak to de Veulle about it? You knew him did you not?

A. I spoke to him several times, especially on the night of the anniversary. I told him on that night that if he gave her any more there would be trouble. He said that he had given her very little lately, and would not give her any more. We were then at the Criterion Restaurant.

Q. Did you complain to him about giving her cocaine?

A. I did not complain. I simply said that I thought it was a sin for him to give her any.

Q. Did you speak to him about that conversation?

A. I spoke to her several times, but not especially of that conversation.

Q. Did you tell her that you had seen de Veulle and told him not to give her cocaine?

A. Not because I was sure for a few minutes next day. We did not speak of drugs, as she seemed very well and happy. On the second Sunday in October I visited Miss Carleton in the evening at the Savoy. She did not seem very well, but rather drowsy, and I spoke to her in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. de Veulle about the danger of taking drugs. I spoke of girls I had heard of taking it, and who were ruined through it, and who had died through it, and especially of a girl who had died in an "insane asylum" in Paris. Mr. de Veulle agreed with me that it was a very dangerous thing.

Q. Did he laugh?

A. No, he did not laugh exactly. We helped Miss Carleton to fix up her hat. We stopped to dinner, and about 9:30 I went into the bedroom to put on my hat. She came with me, and I believe she called de Veulle—I am not sure—and he came in, went to the dressing table

and picked up a little gold box which I had never noticed before.

Q. Is this it? (Showing a small jewelled box.)

A. Yes, I think it is. He opened it and took a flat manicure instrument from the table, put some of the contents of the box on it, and then snuffed it up his nose.

He then handed the box to Miss Carleton, who took a pinch in her fingers and also snuffed it up. She did not say what it was.

Q. This was after the conversation about its danger?

A. Yes.

Q. What did you say?

A. I said, "De Veulle, if this is dope you ought to be shut for giving it to her." I do not think de Veulle said anything, and they did not take any more. Miss Carleton told me that Dr. Stewart had cured her some years before of opium, and that she was absolutely finished with it. I had never seen her take anything except on this occasion.

MR. CHATTERTON: Did not Mr. de Veulle indignantly repudiate your suggestion that he had supplied cocaine? Didn't he say, "Malvina, don't be a fool!"

A. He might have said that, because all these people thought I was a fool because I didn't take it with them.

Miss Longfellow's testimony was important, and was referred to again and again later on in the investigation.

Lionel Belcher, the actor and friend of the dead actress and of Reggie de Veulle, the evil friend of Billie Carleton, was again called to the witness stand. Some friendly questions were put by Mr. Hayes, who was Belcher's own attorney, in an effort to put Belcher in a little more favourable light than his previous testimony had left him.

MR. HAYES: Did you know that the cocaine you sold to Mr. de Veulle on the night of the Victory Ball was intended for Miss Carleton?

BELCHER: No.

Q. Did you know that any of the cocaine you supplied to Mr. de Veulle was given by him to Miss Carleton?

A. No; I never trafficked in drugs with Miss Carleton.

Q. When you first became acquainted with de Veulle did he represent himself to you as possessing great influence with a leading theatrical manager?

A. Yes.

Q. Did he repeatedly point out to you that influence might be most useful to you as an actor?

A. Yes, he did.

Q. Did he promise to obtain for you a prominent theatrical engagement?

A. Yes.

Q. Having done that, did he then ask you to supply him with cocaine?

A. Yes.

Q. What is your age?

A. Twenty-five.

Q. What age is Mr. de Veulle?

A. I should say somewhere about forty.

Q. Did you appear in "The Thirteenth Chair" with Mrs. Patrick Campbell?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you take a prominent part, getting a substantial salary, the piece running for eight months?

A. Yes.

Not pleased with the drift of things against de Veulle, Mr. Chatterton, counsel for de Veulle, took Belcher in hand with the following unbusinesslike bunch of questions.

MR. CHATTERTON: Did you give the small silver box to "McGinty," Mr. de Veulle's maid-servant, outside the Cafe Royal?

A. Yes.

Q. Are you married?

A. Yes, but I have separated from my wife because we were both married too young and realized that we do not love each other.

Q. I put it to you that you introduced this vicious habit of doping to her and she left you because of it?

A. Never on my God's oath.

Q. You swear it?

A. On my God's oath. When I left my wife I had never heard of the word "doping."

Q. Did she ever partake of any kind of drug with you during your married life?

A. Never.

Q. Did Miss Carleton say anything to you as to her object in taking cocaine?

A. I have not the remotest idea.

Q. Do you wish us to draw the inference that she was desirous of taking her life?

A. I do not suggest that for a moment.

THE CORONER: Did she say anything that would lead you to think she was going to commit suicide?

A. No.

MR. CHATTERTON: On the contrary, she spoke of bright prospects in Paris!

A. Yes.

Q. I put it to you that you pressed de Veulle to purchase cocaine from you because you could make money out of it?

A. You can put it that way if you like. I say de Veulle complained of the strength, and I said, "I can get it stronger."

Q. You were making a profit?

A. I have admitted that already.

Q. You were trafficking in a prohibited drug to your own financial advantage?

A. Yes.

Victory Ball

-leton, Mysteriously Poisoned, Night Life Dissipations Which Stirred the Police to Clean Spots of the British Capital

A. I have admitted that, although I did not realize the gravity of it.

The relatives of the dead actress had engaged Mr. Valetta to represent Billie Carleton's memory if occasion should arise.

MR. VALETTA: You have told us that on the night of the Victory Ball you had taken heroin. You were with Miss Carleton, and were about the last person who saw her alive. Did she ask you for any heroin that night?

A. No.

Q. You saw her as she was going to bed; you saw her sitting up in bed; did she say that she was asleep?

A. I don't remember that.

Q. Did you give her any heroin that morning?

A. None at all.

THE CORONER: Did you get cocaine anywhere else than from the chemist in Lisle street?

A. I think I mentioned the name of a Mr. Kinfoul.

Q. Has any man been supplying you with cocaine who is not a chemist?

A. Yes, but I cannot tell you his name, except his Christian name, which was Harry.

Q. Where did he sell it to you?

A. Outside the Monico, I think.

Q. Who introduced you to him?

A. I cannot remember.

Q. Did you ever go to any night club?

A. I have been to Murray's; that is the nearest approach to a night club I have been to.

Q. Have you ever received cocaine from anybody there?

A. No.

It was a necessary legal formality to prevent to the coroner's jury the facts as to the finding of the body, the cause of death, etc. For this purpose two medical men were put on the witness stand at this point.

Dr. Percy Andrew Ellis Richards was called and asked this:

THE CORONER: When you examined the contents of Miss Carleton's stomach did you see any signs of poisoning?

DR. RICHARDS: No; but in the nasal swabs taken from her I found evidences of cocaine. Cocaine is a drug which is rapidly absorbed, and the fact that I did not find it in the stomach and other organs does not necessarily mean that there had been none there.

Dr. Reginald Charles Jewesbury then testified as follows:

THE CORONER: When you examined the body did you find any evidence of disease?

DR. JEWESBURY: No; but the vessels of the brain were considerably congested. There was no evidence that death could be attributed to any natural cause. Death was probably due to the action of some narcotic poison, and the mode of death was comatose apnoea. I examined the contents of the gold box, and found that it contained nine and a half grains of a powder which responded to the test for cocaine. After the evidence I have heard I believe death was due to cocaine poisoning.

Q. What is the smallest fatal dose?

A. Three-quarters of a grain of cocaine given hypodermically.

Q. Is it given internally?

A. In minute quantities, chiefly for lung conditions—asthma and bronchitis—but only in very small quantities.

Q. Does a person who takes it become used to it?

A. Yes.

Q. Does it produce tolerance?

A. It does.

Q. Do you know why it is taken by drug takers?

A. For its stimulant effects.

Q. Will a large dose produce unconsciousness?

A. Not at once. A poisonous dose would probably produce excitability, followed by tremors and possibly convulsions, and that would be followed by coma.

Q. Can it be taken by being snuffed up the nose?

A. That is a very usual way with drug takers.

MR. CHATTERTON: Is there any time limit in which death must result after the consumption of a fatal dose?

A. I don't think there is any fixed time. The period is usually very short. It would depend entirely upon the quantity taken and the rapidity with which it is absorbed. A large dose taken hypodermically would produce death in a few minutes, but a large dose taken, say, through the nose, might not produce death for some hours.

Q. Can you say how soon after the consumption death had resulted in this case?

A. It would be within a few hours.

Q. Might a person addicted to taking it accidentally take a fatal dose?

A. Quite easily, especially with snuffing up through the nose.

Miss Flora Baxter, a dressing room maid at the Haymarket Theatre, was called to the witness stand to clear up a few small points.

THE CORONER: Did "McGinty" call at the Haymarket Theatre on the night of the Victory Ball when Miss Carleton was in the wings?

FLORA BAXTER: Yes; she brought a note, and Miss Carleton received it. She told me to give Mr. McGinty \$25. Mr. de Veulle used to visit the theatre, and I last saw him there two or three weeks before November



New portrait of Mrs. Vernon Castle Treman, one of the last persons who saw Billie Carleton alive.

27 He went to Miss Carleton's dressing room. On the night of the ball, at the evening performance, Miss Carleton said, "Ring up May and ask her to bring along a little gold box on the dressing table." I did so, and May brought it. I saw it at the theatre, on the dressing table. Miss Carleton told me to put it in her bag.

Q. Did anybody come that night to the theatre to see Miss Carleton?

A. Yes, a Mr. Bettini. I had never seen him before. He did not see Miss Carleton alone. I was there all the time. It was after the performance. He came to see her dress, to see how she looked.

Q. Did he give her anything?

A. Not in my presence, and I was with her all the time. I heard Miss Fay Compton call upstairs, and they went off.

Q. Were you ever present when Mr. de Veulle discussed matters with Miss Carleton?

A. Yes, often, but the couple usually spoke in French, and I could not understand them. I knew that Mr. de Veulle designed most of her dresses.

MRS. VIOLET CHOWN then testified.

THE CORONER: Did you permit Miss Carleton to use your box at the Victory Ball?

VIOLET CHOWN: Yes.

Q. Did Mr. de Veulle visit Miss Carleton during the evening?

A. Not that I am aware of.

Q. Did you know anything of Miss Carleton's drug-taking habit?

A. No.

Dr. Frederick Stewart, a very intimate friend of Billie Carleton, was then called to testify.

THE CORONER: How long have you known Miss Carleton?

DR. STEWART: Since 1915. For some time she was a friend, but afterward I attended her professionally. I knew she was in the habit of taking drugs, and explained to her the danger of it. It made her extremely ill, and on more than one occasion I was called to treat her for the effects. She had a system which I should describe as "air hunger." She could not breathe.

In May last I found she was taking cocaine, and took some away from her. The following afternoon she telephoned and asked for it back. I refused. She said it was very mean of me, as she would have to go round to

"De Veulle and I helped Billie Carleton fix up her flat. We stopped to dinner, and about 9:30 I went into the bedroom to put on my hat. She came with me, and I believe she called de Veulle—I am not sure—and he came in, went to the dressing table and picked up a little gold box which I had never noticed before. He opened it and took a flat manicure instrument from the table, put some of the contents of the box on it and then sniffed them up his nose. He then handed the box to Miss Carleton, who took a pinch in her fingers and also sniffed it up. I said, 'De Veulle, if this is dope you ought to be shot for giving it to her.'—From the Testimony of Miss Malvina Longfellow.

Nothing Hill Gate and get some, and that she would be late for the theatre. I afterward wrote to her referring to cocaine as "snow," and warned her not to take it. I knew Mr. de Veulle took cocaine, and asked him, when I met him on one occasion at Westminster Tribunal, not to give her any. Mr. de Veulle replied that he realized the danger but later Miss Carleton told me that Mr. de Veulle had given her cocaine again.

Q. Have you given her drugs yourself?

A. Yes, small doses of morphine, hypodermically, for pain.

Q. How often?

A. Not very often; it was one-eighth of a grain, and she had trouble with her wisdom teeth—say half a dozen times in the last six months.

Q. For toothache?

A. Oh, no; she had trouble with her wisdom teeth.

Q. Well, that is a form of toothache. Why should you give a young woman, taking cocaine, opium—because morphine is a form of opium?

A. She might have gone somewhere else if I did not. She did not like pain, and she was suffering, and she was anxious to continue her work, and she could not sleep.

Q. Is it wise to give morphia—hypodermic injections—to a young woman of twenty-two?

A. It depends. She had a certain condition of the kidneys which was very troublesome.

Q. All the more reason for not giving morphia?

A. Well, she had to get on with her work, and it was only after great pain, or the extraction of wisdom teeth.

Q. If every one took morphia for toothache we should have a land filled with morphia-takers?

A. Yes, but there was kidney trouble.

Q. You have also given her trional?

A. Yes, for the insomnia that cocaine produced—twenty grains in each cachet.

Q. When did you give her this?

A. It must have been in the early part of October, when she was getting this insomnia.

Q. How many had she taken?

A. One. She was also suffering very badly from influenza.

Q. Did you find the box after her death?

A. Yes, in her room. Four were left in the box and one was taken by a friend of Miss Carleton who complained of insomnia.

Q. On the night of the ball did Miss Carleton dance with you?

A. Yes, once. We left soon after 4. I was dropped near my house. Next day, when I received a telephone message about Miss Carleton I went to her flat and found her in bed in her night dress. I injected strychnine and brandy and tried artificial respiration for some little time, but I now believe that at that time she was dead.

Q. I notice, in looking through her banking account, large payments made to you. What is the explanation?

A. I was simply the custodian of the money.

Q. Why could not she pay her own bills without your assistance?

A. She thought it lasted longer if it remained in my hands.

Q. I see that \$2,220 was paid to you since June, 1917.

A. I have disbursed all that and rather more.

Q. Then it was paid to you by Miss Carleton to defray expenses?

A. Yes. I paid the Savoy account. She was getting \$100 a week in "The Freedom of the Seas."

THE CORONER: Would you be surprised to hear that she had only \$43 in the bank?

A. Well, I do not think she had much, because she asked me to pay her account at the Savoy.

Q. Do you know she has left a lot of bills, amounting to \$875? I do not say this is a great deal of money, but that there were bills found in her room. They must be considered in connection with the suddenness of her death.

A. I know she was not worried about money. She was not under notice, and had received several good offers.

Q. How often have you given Miss Carleton morphia for toothache?

A. About a dozen times. There were other ailments.

MISS MAY BOOKER the dead actress's maid, was then recalled.

THE CORONER: Do you remember when Miss Carleton's fancy dress was brought to the flat?

MAY BOOKER: It was there all the time I was there.

Q. Are you sure Mr. de Veulle sent the telephone message on Wednesday, the day of the ball?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you have any other previous telephone message that day?

A. Yes. Mr. de Veulle's maid, "McGinty," called about 12 o'clock, and asked if Miss Carleton was home.

Q. Also that Mr. de Veulle had a message for her?

A. Yes. I would tell Miss Carleton. I do not think that the message asked Miss Carleton to go to see Mr. de Veulle, but cannot remember. Half an hour or three-quarters of an hour later Mr. de Veulle called up and asked me to tell Miss Carleton to call around. He said he had a note for her. I told Miss Carleton when she came in.

Q. How long is it since Mr. Marsh was at the flat?

A. I don't know.

Q. Was he there on the Wednesday or the Tuesday?

A. I don't think so. I never saw him there before the death.

MR. CHATTERTON: Is it not possible that you were mistaken when you said that you recognized de Veulle on the telephone by his voice? How could you account for the fact that at the time you gave that evidence you did not recollect that some one else had spoken to you previously and had given you previously the same message?

A. I had it vaguely in my mind, but I was not asked.

Q. You knew there was a dispute as to who spoke?

A. Yes, but I was not called after that.

Q. You say your memory has been revived and you remember now?

A. I remember Mr. de Veulle at the telephone, and I was nearly sure I received a message from the maid. As a matter of fact, I forgot both messages, and had to apologize to Miss Carleton about it.

Q. But you did not say anything about two messages?

A. I apologized about one. I took no notice of the maid's message. One message concerning the same subject I considered to be sufficient.

Much of the foregoing questions and answers would seem to be odds and ends of unconnected things of no importance. But these witnesses were, by their testimony, laying the foundations for the searching examination of the cold vessel, whom the authorities were soon to call to the stand.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

Jackets Dresses By Lady Duff-Gordon

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, write each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishments are at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York, and No. 1400 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

A Smart
Suit
for
Informal
Midsummer
Functions.
The
Smart
Touches
Relieve
It
of Too
Marked
Simplistic.

A Striking
Black
Costume
for Cool
Days
of Summer.

By Lady Duff-Gordon ("Lucile")

THIS is a season of jackety gowns. The note of the short coat is seen even in one-piece dresses. The jacket serves not merely its old purpose of extra warmth. It has a double function this Summer, for besides being useful it is decorative.

The large figure is used to display an afternoon costume appropriate for informal midsummer functions. It is of serge in a light shade. The skirt is straight and rather scant, with a deep fold at the side. The fold is finished at the skirt hem by a row of button molds covered with cloth and by an interlacing of silk braid of the same shade. The wide but shallow pockets are outlined at the bottom by a row of nine buttons of the same kind and size. The flap of the pocket is finished by loops of the braid arranged as fringe. The lower part of the jacket is fastened by a short row of the buttons and loops of braid.

The long coat sleeves are of the bell type. The cuffs and collar are of flat rows of Oriental embroidery upon a velvet background. The collar and cuffs and the jacket above the row of buttons are fastened by pieces of black velvet ribbon finished by pointed metal ornaments. A dainty collar of embroidered and tucked batiste gives an air of lightness, the desirable Summer touch. A row of the same embroidered batiste completes the sleeves.

The middle figure proves what possibilities of elegance lie in black lace

and white "charmeuse." The Spanish vogue that is steadily growing in North America and is making itself felt in Paris and London wardrobes was an influence in the designing of this gown. Black lace is to the Spanish wardrobe what a dark silk or satin dress is to that of the tastefully dressed woman of America. It is absolutely needful for correct evening. Over a high Empire slip of white satin is worn a pattern of black lace drawn into slight fulness at the bust and high belt line. The high girder, crossed at front and back, is made of white satin softly crushed and flat bands of black satin. A short, summer-weight jacket slashed to the waist line at the sides is made of black lace. But into this is set in long and horizontal lines crossing each other in insertion of white lace. The same arrangement is made of rows of white insertion in the skirt. The jacket has pockets that are trimmed at the top with upstanding lace ruffles. The cuffs have the same dainty Summer touch. The low, round neck has a border of black satin, beneath which is a row of white insertion, then a row of black satin, and finally a ruffle of the white lace.

The jackety effect is noticeable in the third costume shown on this page. While the coat is long, the slashed sides and the slash ends of the coat convey the illusion of a jacket front. The somberness of the costume is relieved by white satin cuffs and by white enamelled ornaments on the slash ends.

A Creation of Black Lace, White Charmeuse and White Lace for a Midsummer Afternoon Occasion.

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The Red Lady - by Katharine Newlin B.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

A MYSTIC PLOT 2 mes. 120 thrust into her hand on a New York street. Janice Galt took the position of housekeeper in the Theodore Brane's Southern home, The Pines. She moved to see the fear which the sight of her flaming red-gold hair excited in little Robbie Brane. The household is aroused almost wildly by the boy's screams of terror at a red-haired woman, and nerves are set on edge because of queer noises and other things that make the servants think the house haunted. Soon after Miss Galt's arrival Paul Dabney comes to examine the late Mr. Brane's Russian library. Robbie dies one night in a fit of terror, clutching in his hand a strand of red-gold hair. Dabney drags Janice from her room to the boy's bedside and confronts her with what he rudely believes conclusive proof of her responsibility for the tragedy. But even his cruel suspicions cannot shake the love she had begun to feel for Dabney. Mrs. Brane confides to her husband left great wealth, but that she does not know where it is hidden. In the library, late one night, Janice is startled by the apparition of a woman who is her exact double. With this clue to the mystery in work on, she determines to outwit whatever villainy is on foot. She learns of a plot to kill Dabney and saves his life at the risk of her own. That night Janice sees her detested double in the arbor. The next morning a letter is found there. Janice surmises it was sent by her double as she sat with Paul Dabney. In the note the writer offers to translate a certain mysterious paper which Janice has already taken from its secret hiding place in the library.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Spider Bites.

I WAS so excited by the importance of Mary's accidental discovery that I folded up the paper, thrust it into my pocket and was turning toward the desk when Mary, in an aggrieved voice, recalled herself to my attention.

"Well, miss, maybe it ain't my business, and maybe it is, and I don't want to push myself forward, but—"

"Oh, Mary," I said, "indeed, it is your business, and a very important business, too, and just as soon as I think it safe to tell you, I will, every word of it; only I have to ask you to trust me just a little bit further, and to let me make use of this paper. You don't think how terribly important it is to me."

I could see that Mary was shocked in my utterance.

"Indeed, Miss Galt, if you can make anything out of it, it is an honor."

I smiled as reassuredly as I could.

"It is not heathenish if it is Russian, and it was written by a sort of clerkman."

"Oh, miss! And under the rustic bench in our arbor?"

"Yes, Mary. I know it all sounds as wild as a dream, and I can't explain it just yet, but you will trust me, Mary. A little longer, and keep the secret of this paper to yourself? Don't mention it; don't even whisper of it; don't show that you have ever heard of such a thing—everything depends upon this."

Mary had stood up, and now mouthed down her apron and drew a doubtful whistling breath, which she presently expelled in sharp little gasps—checks, "Takes Takes Takes!" I translated all this readily. She did not like my secret knowledge; she did not like my air of cool caprice; she did not like my reserve, nor my disposal of her dollhouse.

But the good soul could not help but be loyal to me, she made no more protest than that of the "Takes" then said in a rather and yet perfectly deprecable voice, "Very good, miss." I came over and patted her on the shoulder.

"Mary, you are the best woman in the world, and the best friend I ever had."

This brought her around completely. Her natural honest, kindly smile broke out over her face.

"Bless you, miss," she said heartily. "I'd do most anything for you. You can trust me not to speak of the paper."

"I know I can, Mary, dear."

When she had gone I did go over to my desk, and took out a slip of paper. After some careful thinking I printed in ink a few lines in Russian Cyrillic.

At 11 o'clock on next Wednesday morning I will meet you in the bedroom parlor of the only drug

store in Pine Cone. Be prepared to translate the Slavonic curiosity and be assured of a reward."

I dared not risk any steno type, but for fear there might be something in these lines that would rouse the suspicion of their authenticity I raked my brain for some signal that might be a convincing one. At last I pulled out a red-gold hair from my head, placed it on the paper as though it had fallen there, and folded it in. Then I put my paper into a blank envelope, which I sealed and secreted in my dress.

This done, I tore the letter Mary had found into a hundred minute pieces and burned them, hiding the ashes in my window-box of flowers. I had memorized the address and name of Mr. Galt.

At lunch I asked Mrs. Brane, who had sufficiently recovered from her headache to appear, whether she wouldn't like me to go over to Pine Cone and buy her the shade hat for which she had been longing ever since Mary had reported the arrival of some Philippine millinery in the principal shop. I said that I felt the need of a good, long walk.

Henry, without a flicker of interest in my request, went on with perfect and discreet performance of table duty, but I felt that he was

secretly looking at me. He must have suspected what the purpose of my expedition really was. I hoped to see the owner of it, reached the end of my double self-doubt as a precaution of keeping close to my mysterious hiding place during my absence. It was absurd how I was responsible for the lives of every member of the household.

Paul Dabney's coming in company with me, I thought, would make Mrs. Brane's suspicion of me less. I had been much of course the very evening of the accident but I tested every look before I gave it my weight, and I clung to the railing with my strong hands. Not until I reached the other bank did I let the truth out of my lungs.

On the dusty, shady highway and course returned to me, and I walked ahead at a good pace. I did not wait very long to reach that bridge again before dark. I

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MOGUL

EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES
STAGELAND'S FAVORITE



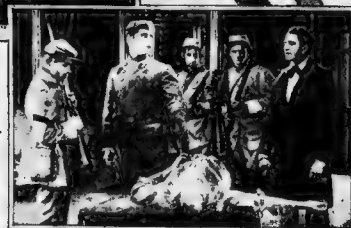
Major Robert Warwick
POPULAR PARAMOUNT STAR



ROBERT WARWICK IN "SECRET SERVICE"



ROBERT WARWICK IN "SECRET SERVICE"



ROBERT WARWICK IN "SECRET SERVICE"

Do I like Moguls? Yes, very much.
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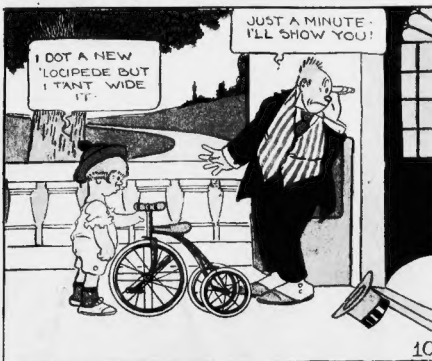
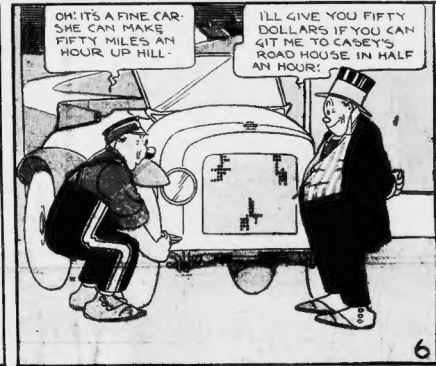


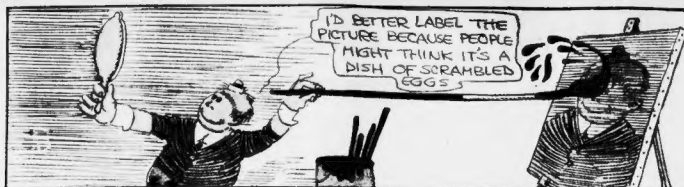


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Bringing Up Father



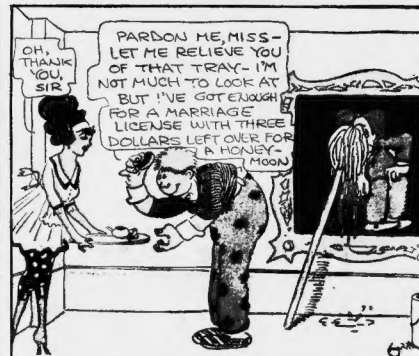


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Boob McNutt



Robert L.

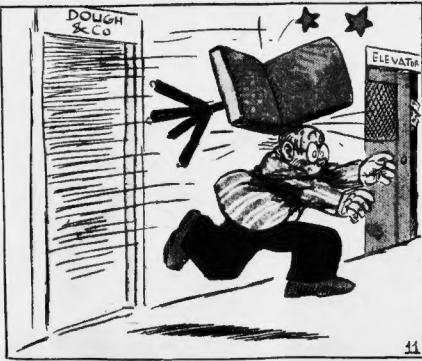
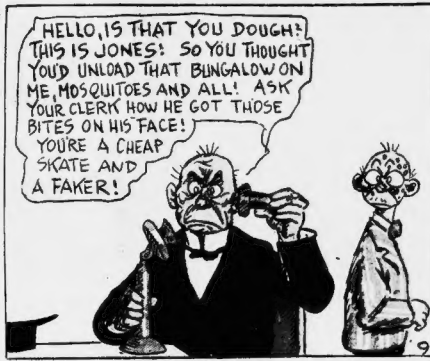


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Mr. Dubb



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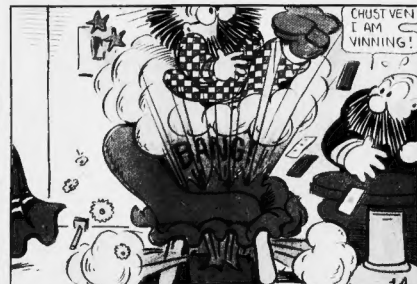
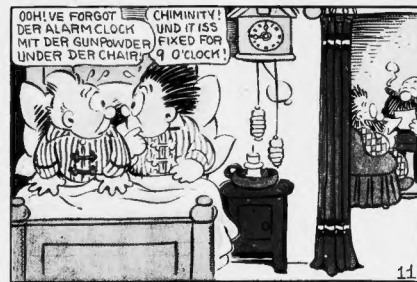
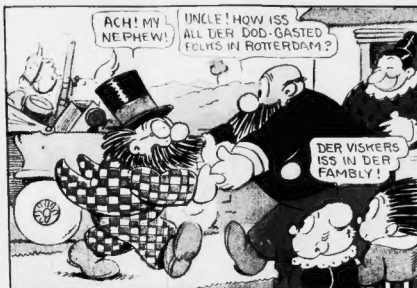


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The Shenanigan Kids



The Shenanigan Kids Live in Animated Pictures. Made by International Film Service, Released Through Educational Films Corporation of America, and Shown at Best Theatres